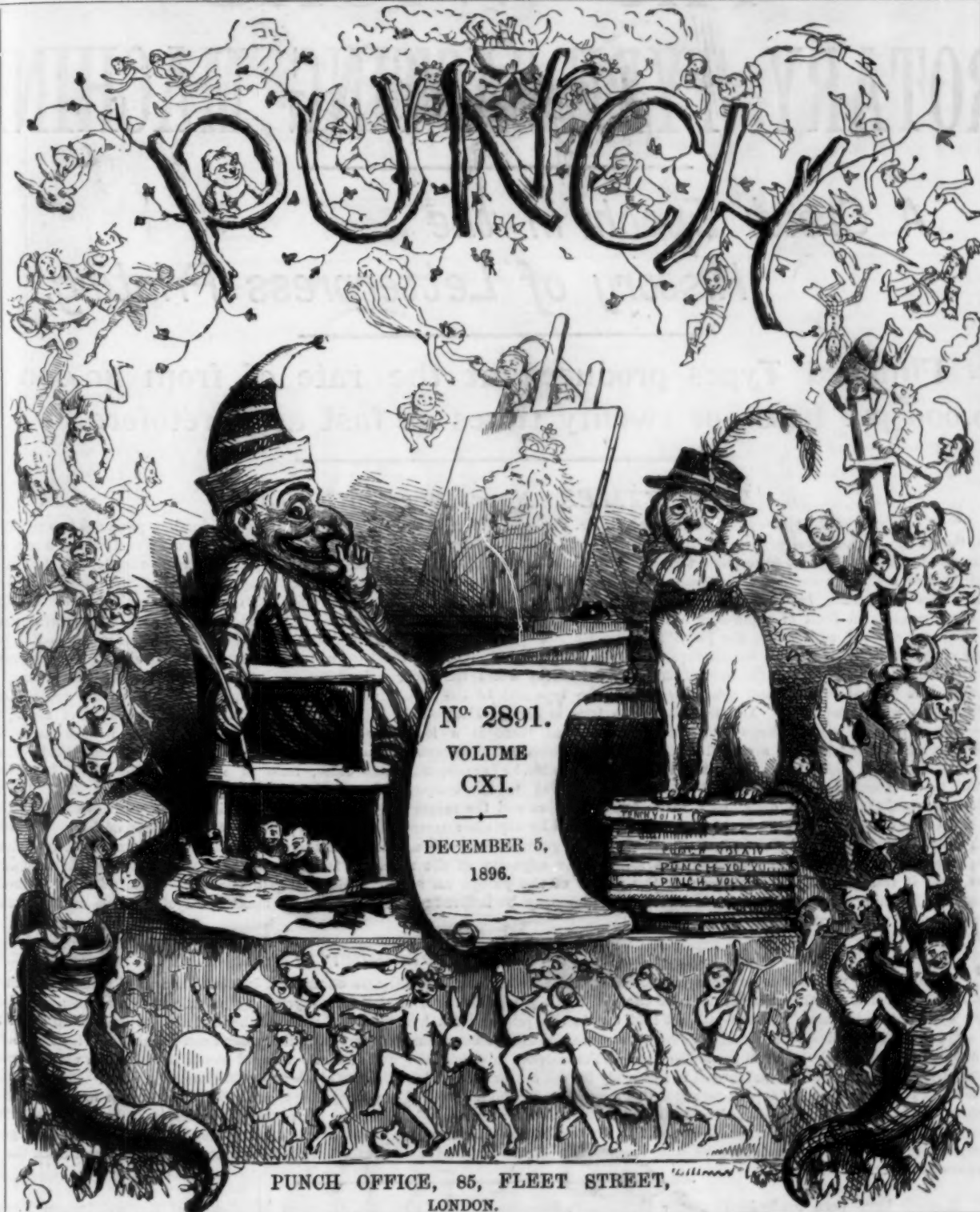


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The WICKS ROTARY TYPE-CASTING MACHINE

*A Great Epoch in the
History of Letterpress Printing.*

Finished Types produced at the rate of from 40,000 to 60,000 per hour, or twenty times as fast as heretofore.

THE TIMES, November 19th, 1896.

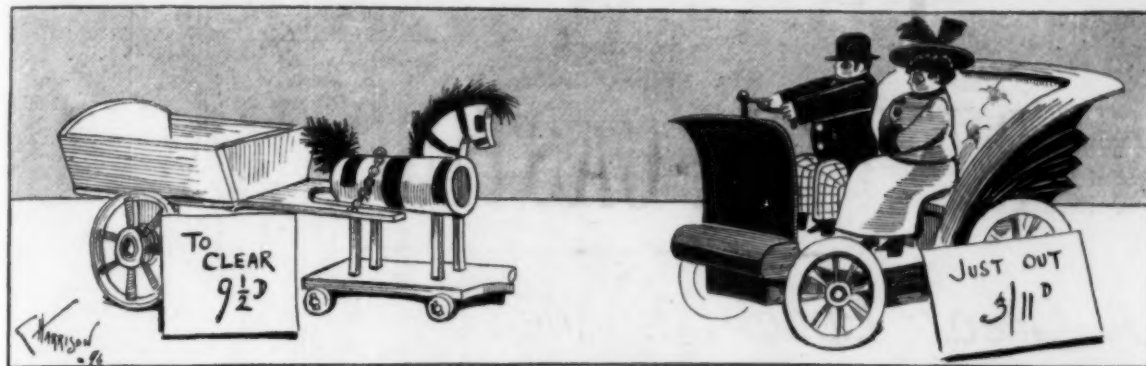
"It is claimed for the type-casting machine which Mr. Frederick Wicks, after many years of experiment, has now produced in a practicable form, that it can make types so cheaply that printers will find it more economical to use them once and then melt them down than to distribute them and print from them time after time. The principle upon which it is constructed is very simple. In a horizontal wheel or disc are cut a number of channels, running from the periphery to the centre, each being the size of the body of the type which it has to mould. In these channels move pistons, each having a matrix struck on the end nearest the periphery of the wheel. The latter revolves in front of a pin-hole nozzle through which molten type-metal is forced at considerable pressure by powerful pumps, and thus each channel, as it passes the jet, is filled with a column of metal impressed at the inside end with the letter corresponding to the matrix struck on the piston. The formed type, which is provided with nicks on the base and edge, has now to be ejected from its mould. This is automatically effected by the revolution of the wheel, by which the inner end of the piston is brought into contact with a cam whereby it is pressed forward and gradually pushes the type out of the mould into a channel cut on the link of an endless chain which moves with the wheel. On this chain the type is carried along until it is deposited on a long narrow strip of steel. The succeeding types in turn undergo the same process until there is a long row of them lying side by side in the same order as that in which the matrices are arranged in the wheel. At each complete revolution of the latter the row is removed and stood vertically on a table, and it is obvious that, since the types in each row are in the same order, lines of identical letters will be obtained on the table, whence they can be taken up and delivered to the compositors' cases or the composing machine. After the type has left the wheel the piston is drawn back to its former position and the mould is ready to be used again. Each piston with its attached matrix is easily removable, and can in a few seconds be changed for any other corresponding to a type with the same size of body. The wheel, which is hollow and kept cool by a constant circulation of cold water, contains 100 matrices, and therefore produces 100 types at each revolution. Thus, when it is making eight revolutions a minute the capacity of the machine is nearly half a million types per day of ten hours, and it is stated that by increasing the power of the pumps an even greater output could be obtained. How great an advance the machine thus marks in the art of type-casting may be inferred from the fact that the usual speed of the type-casting machines generally employed is about 60 a minute."

THE MORNING POST, November 18th, 1896.

"The change which will be brought about by its general use can only be compared in the history of printing with the revolution produced by the renunciation of the old hand-press in favour of the steam printing machine. It is known as 'Wicks's Rotary Type-casting Machine,' and the prospect held out to the printer is that by means of it he will find it far more economical to use type once only, and to melt it down and recast it for subsequent use, and so eliminate from his wages-sheet the present considerable item for distribution. The important feature of the machine lies in the fact that the matrices in which the type is cast are disposed round the edge of a wheel revolving horizontally, and that type cooled and ranged in line ready for use can be delivered at the rate of about 50,000 stamps an hour. Each revolution of the wheel produces a fount of type so arranged that the sorting for the purposes of any composing machine already in use or for a machine also invented by Mr. Wicks, and particularly adapted to them, becomes a matter of simplicity. These new machines differ materially from type-casting and composing machines at present in the market in the important respect that they combine the advantages of the rapid and cheap production of type and the saving of the cost of distribution with those at present derived from the use of separate letters."

Reports have been made by Professor Silvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S., by Mr. Thomas Middleton, of the well-known Firm of Printers' Engineers of the same name, and by Mr. John Imray, of Messrs. Abel and Imray, Consulting Engineers and Chartered Patent Agents, the last of whom has also reported on the validity of the Patents. Copies of these Reports will be found inserted in the Prospectus.

The Prospectus of the Wicks Rotary Type-Casting Machine will be shortly issued to the public.



SIGNS OF THE TIMES IN THE LOWTHER ARCADE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

READING *Sentimental Tommy*, Mr. BARRIE's last book, published by CASSELL, there have been recurrent moments when my Baronite has doubted whether the story might not be more aptly entitled. Tiresome Tommy more precisely describes the prodigy through a quite unreasonable number of pages. The Jacobite rising, the siege of Thrums, and one or two other chapters of ponderously precise fantasy, is, to tell the unvarnished truth, almost enough to make one of the most appreciative and faithful of Mr. BARRIE's admirers lay down the unfinished book. But here and there, shining through this doggerel of narrative, like threads of gold in a mass of sacking, are episodes of humour and pathos which testify that the Window in Thrums is not yet built up. Of such are Hogmanay kept in a London slum, and the home-taking of *Grizel* by the old doctor. The strongest writing is at the beginning, setting forth the life and death of *Tommy's* mother, wherein appears the beautiful and pathetic Hogmanay incident. Mr. BARRIE is ludicrously in love with *Sentimental Tommy*, whereas far away the best character in the book is *Grizel*.

A delightful quality about *Rodney Stone* (SMITH, ELDER) is its lilting "go." There is not a dull page in it from first to last. All is light, colour, movement, blended and inspired by a master hand. When my Baronite read the fight in the coach-house he thought it one of the most breathless exercises he had ever taken, book in hand. So it was till some chapters later he came upon the narrative of the smith's last battle. Like the first, it was, alas! a prize fight. Told by CONAN DOYLE, the subject is ennobled till it becomes quite as respectable and far more stirring than a set-to between SALADIN and RICHARD CŒUR DE LION. Embroidered on the story are picturesque scenes of life in the time of GEORGE THE FOURTH, reproduced with amazing vividness. It seems so easily done. But as Dr. CONAN DOYLE indicates in a preface, a considerable amount of study preceded the undertaking. Amongst the authorities to whom he avows his indebtedness for information upon the subject of the ring is Mr. J. C. PARKINSON. My Baronite knew that "J. C. P." was, amongst other things, a bard, accustomed to inaugurate Eisteddfodau arrayed in becoming Druidical costume. But he never knew he was an accepted authority on ring matters. Which shows how little the world knows of its greatest men.

HENRY JAMES is indifferent Anthony Trollopeian and second-class Meredithian. The Judicious Skipper will find plenty of exercise for his literary athletics in both volumes. "Oh, my dear man!" "Oh, my dear woman!" all these conversationalists say to one another for pages and pages, and we "don't get no furrader." *Paul Vidal* is a kind of flabby reincarnation of Mr. Toots, with the latter's "it's of no consequence." In this story nobody is of any particular consequence, and dolls, and cake, and tea, and small talk, go on hum-

By the way, before the Baron took supreme charge of this office in Mr. *Punch's* establishment, it was held for years by a certain "Skipper and his boy," neither of whom was ever dismissed, as Mr. P. never gives the *congé* to any tried and valued servant. So the Skipper and his boy are still retained on the staff. Judge, then, of the Baron's surprise on seeing that this ever-green veteran's style and title had been appropriated by an illustrated paper, which regularly produces a column of review purporting to be from "the Skipper." Well, every vessel has its own "skipper," but Mr. *Punch's* skipper was the first in this line, and any other skipper may be "a Skipper," but he is not "the Skipper" who first appropriated and secured the right to the title with the definite article prefixed.

drummingly; and young ladies ask young gentlemen to sit down beside them and talk, and they do talk and talk; and only once is there a dramatic situation. *Tony*, the drowned child's father, howls and breaks into a storm of sobs; *Rose*, "with a passionate wail," throws herself on the grass; the doctor "looks from one prostrate figure to the other," as well he may, and curtain descends on end of Book Second. Then Book Third: more dreary dialogue. And when the secret is revealed the question must occur, Was it worth going through so much to learn so little? Yet, HENRY JAMES is a favourite with reviewers and readers of the very superior sort.

From the Aldine Press Messrs. DENT & Co. have already sent forth the first of *The Temple Classics*, edited by ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, M.A., consisting of a neat, handy-shaped book, containing WILLIAM WORDSWORTH's *Prelude*. The poet became a Johnian Undergraduate at Cambridge in 1787, being then just seventeen years of age. Young men went up a year or so earlier in those days than they do now; yet do his notes show that, in spite of many alterations, there is really very little change in the ancient University within the last hundred years since WORDSWORTH caught his first "glimpse of Cam."

"And at the 'Hoop' alighted, famous inn."

Then the youthful poet's account of the "motley spectacle":--

"Gowns grave, or gaudy, doctors, students, streets,
Courts, cloisters, flocks of churches, gateways, towers."

And how pleased he was

"With invitations, suppers, wine and fruit,
Smooth housekeeping within, and all without
Liberal and suiting gentleman's array."

A light on academical ways in the past, on the banks of the Cam, and a link with the present, this handy volume, with useful aiken marker sewn in, is a pleasure and a treasure.

The Missing Prince, by G. E. FARROW (HUTCHINSON & Co.). An extra special sort of fairy nightmare, likely to visit any youthful dreamer of dreams when retiring to bed with their ideas somewhat mixed. It ought to fascinate the æsthetic taste of cultured nursery folk. Mr. HARRY FURNISS and his daughter DOROTHY comically and daintily illustrate the book.

For quite little people SHEILA E. BRAINE has worked up a new theory of how that cackling hen of old travelled *To tell the King the Sky was Falling*. *Molly* and *Max*, who follow in her claw prints, come across many ancient acquaintances only to be met with in the happy hunting-ground of Fairyland. Delightful illustrations by ALICE WOODWARD complete the story, which is on the catalogue of BLACKIE & SONS.

(Signed) THE BARON AND HIS BOYS.

At a West-end Club.

Hospitable Southerner (to *Scottish guest*). Have another go of whiskey?

Scottish Guest (with a sigh). I thank ye. No.

Hospitable Southerner (astonished). What! Why surely it's not a case of "the wee drappie i' the ee"?

Scottish Guest. Nae, mon, it's no that; it's the wee drappie i' the glass. [H. S. takes hint and orders a tumbler of whiskey.]

ONLY A LITTLE LONGER TITLE.—The *Gil Blas* says that all Europe will shortly demand the Evacuation of Egypt by the English. The name of the paper should be changed to the *Gil Blagueur*.



DR. PUNCH'S PRESCRIPTION FOR DR. JIM.

Dr. Punch. "PLENTY OF FRESH AIR AND AS MUCH EXERCISE AS POSSIBLE TO BE TAKEN FREELY!"

[*"Dr. JAMESON'S painful indisposition we feel sure will be lamented in the Transvaal as much as in this country . . . nor will the most exacting of his enemies complain if he is released, for reasons of health, before the expiration of his sentence."—Standard, November 28.* "I am in a position to state that President KRUGER personally is not opposed to the release of Dr. JAMESON."—*From Pretoria, Daily Telegraph, November 28.* (*Dr. JAMESON was President KRUGER'S doctor, and saved his life.*)]



A CONVINCING TEST.

Youth (on Pony). "COME ON, GRAN'PA! IT'S SAFE ENOUGH. BORE US EASILY!"

CURIOUS SIMILARITY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The plot of *Under the Red Robe*, at the Haymarket, is as follows:—A spendthrift commits a crime which brings him into the power of a great French statesman. His life is offered to him on the condition that he goes to the frontier to bring back to Paris a man hateful to the powers that be. If he does not do this his fate is the scaffold. The spendthrift accepts the hateful mission. He goes to the frontier, and falls in love with the sister of the man he is bound to betray. In the nick of time he repents, and returns to Paris ready to forfeit his life in satisfaction of his mission unperformed. He is followed by the woman he loves. But thanks to a shuffle of the cards of fate, the man who can crush him ceases to be powerful, and all ends happily.

A capital idea, but I have come across it before. How about this. Figure to yourself a lady instead of a man. This lady is also a spendthrift. She has fallen into the power of Fouché while devoted to the gaming table. At the right moment she is told that she must lure back to Paris a man hateful to the powers that be. If she does not—exposure. She accepts the hateful task. She follows the man to the frontier and falls in love with him. In the nick of time she repents and returns to Paris, ready to pay the sacrifice of her mission unperformed. She is followed by the man she loves. But thanks to a shuffle of the cards of fate, the man who can crush her ceases to be powerful, and all ends happily.

Are not these plots very similar? One is the story of *Under the Red Robe*, the other the story of *Plot and Passion*. They both concern France, but one is a century or so earlier than the other. Richelieu, in *Under the Red Robe*, finds a counterpart in the Fouché of *Plot and Passion*. Then Marie de Fontanges—spendthrift and gambler—has her double in Gil de Berault, spendthrift and duellist. Both are reckless; with their sense of honour once so keen now so blunted. Both are turned from their purpose of betrayal to accept their doom by the power of love. Another coincidence: both *Under the Red Robe* and *Plot and Passion* before realisation on the boards put in an appearance in serial form. The latter was published in a paper called *The*

Welcome Guest. But where were the learned literary or dramatic critics when book or play came out? Where was MOSES when the candle went out?

Yours,
HAWKSHAW THE DETECTIVE OF A PLOT.

LINES

Contributed by the Member for Sark to the Visitors' Book of a Welsh Inn.

In some hotels that I've been at,
I've seen a busy fuss-creator,
Who, running here and running there,
Quick answered to the call of "Waiter!"

A better system here prevails,
A pretty plan of birth much later.
In this hotel
You ring the bell,
And then yourself become the waiter.

Cricylldwlmymchwrmtyl, November.

At a County Ball.

Young Slapperton (who has just been presented to Fräulein VON KINCKSTEIN, newly imported from the Fatherland). May I have the honour of the next Lancers?

Fräulein (who does not understand). I not comprehend.
Young S. (struck with a brilliant inspiration). I mean, shall we do the Uhlans together? Comprennay?
[Leaves the Fräulein more amazed than ever.]

"HERE'S (DE LA) RUE (& Co.) for you," with a new game called "Homo." Poor Homo! This is not the first time he's been considered as fair game. And this game is, of course, quite fair, and not unlike the fascinating "Halma." Well, something new must be invented for the game season.

VERY LIKE A WEYLER.—"Great defeat of the rebels in Cuba."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(BY BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXIX.

*Further proceedings in the Case of Mankletow v. Jabberjee.
Mr. Jabberjee's Opening for the Defence.**Queen's Bench Court, No. —. 2.40 P.M.*

I HAVE just resumed my seat after a rather searching examination of Madam MANKLETOW, as will appear from the notes of her evidence kindly taken by my solicitor:—

MY SOLICITOR'S SAID NOTES.

Mrs. MARTHA MANKLETOW (*formidable old party—all bugles and bombazine*). Would certainly describe her establishment as fashionable and select. All her male boarders perfect gentlemen—except defendant. Was never anxious to secure him for her daughter—on the contrary, would have much preferred her son-in-law white. Gave her consent because of the passionate attachment he professed for plaintiff. Nothing to her whether he was of princely rank or not. He appeared to be very well able to support her daughter, which was the chief thing. Had never threatened defendant with personal chastisement from other boarders if he denied any engagement. Did say that if he meant nothing serious after all the marked attentions he had paid the



Mr. Justice Honeygall.

plaintiff, he deserved to be cut dead by all the gentlemen in the house. Insisted on the engagement being made public at once; thought it her bounden duty to do so. Did not know whether defendant was married already, or how many wives he was entitled to in his own country—he had taken good care not to say anything about all that when he proposed. Did not consider him a desirable match, and never had done, but thought he ought to be made to pay heavily for his heartless behaviour to her poor unprotected child, who would never get over the slight of being jilted by a black man.

Here I sat down, amidst suppressed murmurs from the Court of indignation and sympathy at such gross unmannerly insults to a highly-educated Indian University man and qualified native barrister.

3.15.—More witnesses for plaintiff, viz., Miss SPINK and sundry select boarders, who have testified to my courtship and the notoriety of my engagement. Seeing that they were predetermined not to answer favourably to myself, I tore a leaf out of Mister WITHERINGTON's book, and said that I had no questions to ask. . . . The plaintiff's junior has just sat down, with the announcement that that is his case. I am now to turn the tables by dint of rhetorical loquacity. . . .

The annexed report, though sadly meagre, and doing very scanty justice to the occasion, is furnished by my friend young HOWARD, who was present in Court at the time.

Jab. (*in a kind of sing-song*). May it please your venerable Lordship and respectable gentlemen of the jury, I am in the very similar predicament of another celebrated native gentleman and well-known character in the dramatic works of your immortal *littérateur* Poet SHAKESPEARE. I allude to OTHELLO on the occa-

sion of his pleading before the Duke and other potent, grave, and reverent signiors of Venice, in a speech which I shall commence by quoting in full—

Mr. Justice Honeygall. One moment, Mr. JABBERJEE, I am always reluctant to interfere with Counsel, but it may save my time and that of the jury if I remind you that the illustration you propose to give us is hardly as happy as it might be. The head and front of OTHELLO's offending, unless I am mistaken, was that he had married the lady of his affections, whereas in your case—

Jab. (*plaintively*). Your lordship, it is not humanly possible that I can exhibit even ordinary eloquence if I am to be interrupted by far-fetched and frivolous objections. The story of OTHELLO—

Mr. Justice H. What the jury want to hear is not OTHELLO's story, but yours, Sir, and your proper course is to go into the witness-box at once, and give your version of the facts as simply and straightforwardly as you can. When you have given your own evidence and called any witnesses you may wish to call, you will have an opportunity of addressing the jury, and exhibiting the eloquence on which you apparently place so much reliance.

(*Here poor old JAB bundles off to the witness-box, and takes some outlandish oath or other with immense gusto, after which he starts telling the Jury a long rambling rigmarole, and is awfully riled when the old Judge pulls him up, which he does about every other minute. This is the sort of thing that goes on:—*

Jab. At this, Masters of the Jury, I, being but a pusillanimous and no Leviathan of valour—

The Judge. Not so fast, Sir, not so fast. Follow my pen. I've not got down half what you said before that. (*Reads laboriously from his notes.*) "In panicstricken apprehension of being severely assaulted *a posteriori*." Who do you say threatened to assault you in that manner—the plaintiff's mother?

Jab. I have already had the honour to inform your lordship that I was utterly intimidated by the savage threats of the plaintiff's mother that, unless I consented to become the betrothed, she would summon certain able-bodied athletic boarders to batter and kick my unprotected person, and consequently, not being a Leviathan—

The Judge. No one has ever suggested that you are an animal of that description, Sir. Have the goodness to keep to the point. (*Reads as he writes.*) "I was so intimidated by threats of plaintiff's mother that she would have me severely kicked by third parties if I refused, that I consented to become engaged to plaintiff." Is that what you say?

Jab. (*beaming*). Your lordship's acute intellect has comprehended my *pons asinorum* with great intelligence.

The Judge (*looking at him under his spectacles*). Umph! Well, go on. What next?

(*So old JAB goes on gassing away, at such a deuce of a rate that the Judge gives up all idea of taking notes, and sits staring at JAB in resigned disgust. (It was spell-bound attentiveness.—H. B. J.) JAB WILL spout and WON'T keep to the point; but, all the same, I fancy, somehow, he's getting round the Jury. He's such a jolly, innocent kind of old ass, and they like him because he's no end of sport. The plaintiff's a devilish fine girl, and gave her evidence uncommonly well; but, unless WITHERINGTON turns up again, I believe old JAB will romp in a winner, after all! I haven't taken down anything else, except his wind-up, when of course he managed to get in a speech.*

Jab. Believe me, gentlemen of the jury, this is simply the barefaced attempt to bleed and mulet a poor impecunious Indian. For it is incredible that any English female, of genteel upbringing and the lovely and beauteous appearance which you have all beheld in this box, it is incredible, I say, that she should seriously desire to become a mere unconsidered unit in a bevy of Indian brides! How is she possibly to endure a domestic existence exposed to the slings and arrows of perpetual snip-snaps from various native aunts and sisters-in-law, or how is she to reconcile her dainty and fastidious stomach, after the luscious and appetising fare of a Bayswater boarding-house, to simple, unostentatious, and frequently repulsive Indian eatables? No, Masters of the jury, as warm-hearted noble-minded English gentlemen, you will never condemn an unfortunate and industrious native graduate and barrister to make a cripple of his career, and burden his friends and his families with such a bone of contention as a European better half, who will infallibly plunge him into the pretty pickle of innumerable family jars! I shall now vacate the witness-box in favour of my intimate friend and fatherly benefactor, Hon'ble Sir CHETWYND CUMBERBUND, who will tell you—

The Judge (*rising*). Before we have the pleasure of seeing Sir CHETWYND here, Mr. JABBERJEE, there is a little formality you appear to have overlooked. The plaintiff's counsel will probably wish before you leave the box to put a few questions

to you in cross-examination, and that must stand over till to-morrow. (*At this, old Jab's jaw falls several holes.*)

NOTE BY MR. JABBERJEE.—*Hereford Road, Bayswater.*—I am excessively gratified by the result of my first day's trial, being already the established favourite and chartered libertine of the whole Court, who split their sides at my slightest utterances. So I am no longer immeasurably alarmed by the prospect of being crossly examined—especially since WITHERINGTON, Q.C., has abandoned his brief in despair to a tongue-tied junior, who is incompetent to exclaim *Bo!* at a goose. Indeed, I have some thoughts of declining haughtily to be interrogated by a mere underling.

The only fly in the ointment of my success is the utter indifference of JESSIMINA to my aforesaid triumphs. At the termination of the hearing to-day, I beheld her so deeply engrossed in smiling and cordial converse with the smartly-attired curly-headed young solicitor who is acting on her behalf that she was totally unconscious of my vicinity!

Alackaday! varium et mutabile semper femina!

DARBY JONES ON TURF TOPICS—ESPECIALLY BELGIAN.

HONOURED SIR.—It may perhaps have escaped even your Argus-like eyes that the Belgian Government, with a fatherly care, which would not disgrace Mr. JOHN MORLEY or Sir WILFRID LAWSON, is about to bring in a Measure for the Regulation of Betting, and, I may add, of Touts and Turf Prophets. Should this Bill become law, speculation on all Foreign Races will be prohibited, and wagering only permitted on Home Events. Thus the British Exile in Brussels will no longer be enabled to back his fancy for the Derby or Leger at the *Taverne Anglaise* or some other home of the Alien, but must invest his francs *personally* at Grœndael or Spa. It is a magnificent scheme for keeping all the ready money in the country, and it comes well from a country whose king is largely interested in a plan for converting Ostend into a Northern Monte Carlo, conveniently adjacent to the oof-laden shores of England, whence it is trusted many pigeons may be imported in exchange for the rabbits of the locality. The sale of Racing Information will also be prohibited. The Belgian DARBY JONESes are to have their eyes put out like the wretched singing-birds which, sightless, warble for wagers from the Scheldt to the Meuse, and from the German Ocean to the Prussian frontier, without interference from the authorities. Equally the journals devoted to "*le sport*" will be forbidden to insert the advertisements of tipsters, so I suppose that our own Eminent Organs of the Turf will be denied sale at the kiosques, or have spaces "*blackened out*," after the custom of the Russian Censors of the Press.

But this is not all. Racecourses are to be licensed by Government for betting purposes, the gambling to be carried on only in certain enclosures, one inside and another outside, admission to which will be given on payment of a *Premium of fifty per cent. on the entrance money!* This will be the only profit which racecourses are to derive from turf speculation. I confess that I do not understand the last article of the New Code. Does it mean that gate-money is to be abolished, or what? Like a Member of Parliament at question-time—I pause for a reply.

In *The Dodd Family Abroad*, honoured Sir, the inimitable wit of CHARLES LEVER finds abundant scope for flourishing like a mango-tree in Western Africa over the description of a Belgian racecourse. Racing among *les braves Belges* was then in its First Childhood. It is now apparently in its Second, so soon does an infant not indigenous to the soil perish when transplanted from the home of its birth. You are aware that I am personally in favour of Licensed Bookmakers authorised by the Jockey Club, but my most Utopian ideas never soared to the spectacle of Government interference. I would suggest to the Belgian authorities that only Government Meetings should be allowed, under the supervision of a *Ministre du Sport Hippique*, that at these gatherings there should be a number of Knights of the Pencil (*Chevaliers du Crayon*) in Uniform, and decorated according to their grades, that the Race-cards should be Government Gazettes, that the Jockeys should be chosen from the Belgian Cavalry and ride in Uniform, that the Judge should be selected from the Bench of the Palais de Justice, and that the Horses engaged, all bearing a Government Stamp, should only be those hard-working, but not over speedy quadrupeds for which the fair land of Flanders has been celebrated from time immemorial, and which frequently do a little racing between the shafts of a London Omnibus.

There is a rock, Sir, off the east coast of the Land of Cakes known as the Baas. It is celebrated as the breeding-place of that handsome fowl called the Solan Goose. It appears to me that Brussels must be the chosen nesting ground of a less well-favoured bird, the Solon Gander to wit. And now, as Sir



SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS. No. II.

MATTHEW WHITE RIDLEY might put it, to home affairs. I trust that you did well at Warwick. It is useless for you to deny that you care nothing for race-meetings. I could not be deceived in the appearance of a Distinguished Personage, who, although disguised in blue spectacles and a sealskin overcoat of peerless fit, *cut me as dead as Exmoor mutton* at the entrance to TATTERSALL'S. I bear no malice that you remembered my advice that of all dangerous folk at the end of the season none are comparable to the Hibernian Cohorts. *St. Jarlath* was bound to annex, bar accidents, the Midland Counties Handicap, and swell the receipts of the whiskey distillers in Dublin and Belfast. There were other ripe plums for those who are about to make Christmas puddings. The Lovely Lady wishes me to say that she has a *great admiration for you*. As a Man of Honour I give her message, but warn you that your future conduct will be closely watched by

Your devoted, but suspicious adherent, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—At Manchester my first constellations were fairly telescoped; but I trust everyone backed my Belgian river, like a relation of the Lord Chancellor, for a place. One, two, three, is ever the motto of

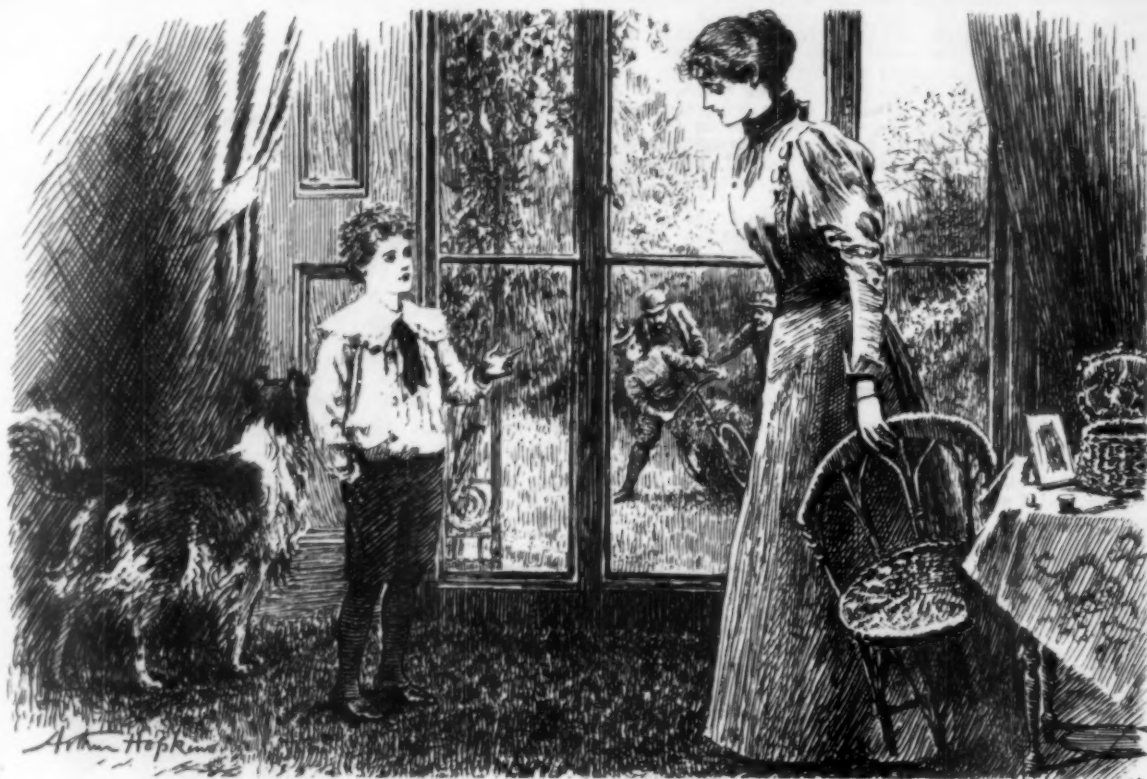
Yours, sure of his winter provender, D. J.

[DARBY JONES'S absurd reference to blue spectacles and a sealskin overcoat is on a par with his statement about the Lovely Lady. We learn that, inflated with winning a few pounds, he presumed to make advances to the sister of an Irish gentleman, and received the just reward of his impertinence from her indignant relative. This is probably what he tried to gloss over last week.—ED.]

RATHER AN UNSEASONABLE PLACE OF HOSPITALITY.—"The Grand Duke NICHOLAS of Russia is visiting at Eis-grub."

ETONIAN.—The best sequel to Mr. ARTHUR COLERIDGE'S *Eton* in the Forties will be *Largely consumed in the Nineties.*

SEASONABLE BOOKSTALL WEIGHTS.—Christmas Numbers.



"LOOK, GERALD! YOUR FATHER AND CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG ARE GIVING ELLA A LESSON ON THE BICYCLE."
YES, MUMMIE; BUT WHY DOES ELLA ALWAYS FALL OFF ON CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG'S SIDE?"

A VOICE FROM THE BOX.

An Old Whip on the new Motor Movement.

'Bus-driver loquitor:—

Kim urp! Yus, a dirtyish day, Sir, and orkurd for 'osses, it are.
But, lor bless yer, they'll soon alter that; all along o' this yere Horter-car!
Ho! ho! I must larf, if I die for it. Horter-car! 'Old urp, old gal!
Mare's a-sniggling, too, 'anged if she isn't, my old wheeler, flea-bitten Sal.
No wonder! She saw the percession of ile-cans and tea-kettles. Yus;
And she, who's the best bit o' stuff ever druv in a tuppenny 'bus,
'Tched her whip of a tail that expressive, it meant 'arf a column, at least!
Oh! 'osses can talk with their tails, Sir, pertikler my Sal, pore old beast!
Hay! Wot do I think o' them motors?
Ah! now, Sir, you've nailed me, you ave.
Think! Well, I'm an aged old crock as must soon be tucked up in my grave, And maybe my opinion's no matter, but lor! Sir, if you 'ad been born, In a manner o' speakin', like me, in a stable; if fodder and corn, And the whiff of the freshly-forked litter came sweet on yer nateral nose As the smell from a strorberry bed, or the sniff of a fresh cabbage-rose, You'd know wot I feel when those ile-cans come snortin' and fumin' along. Talk o' paraffine lamps? Wy, the coster's red naphtha-flames don't smell more strong

Than did one of those wobbly old wotsits a-womiting fumes as it went, Like a baked-tater can with the staggers.
"That's all narsty sour discontent Of an old 'un fair knocked out o' time." That's jest wot I'll be told, I've no doubt.
And that HARRY J. LAWSON will chuckle and chortle. All right! It's his shout!
Going to hire Epsom track for a Motor race! Moses! Wot next, and wot next?
Just imagine a Motor-car Derby!!! Kim urp, Sal! The old mare is vext; I know by that twitch of her off-ear. She's fly! Now a 'oss is a thing— Or I should say a crittur, perhaps, seeing t'other word carries a sting— Mark me, mister, wot's made for a man's mate, or servant, but likeways a chum, In a manner o' speaking. A 'oss, though pheelosophers label it "dumb," Can talk more sound sense than some spouters in Hyde Park, and Parlyment, too.
I'd rayther hear Sal than KEIR HARDIE, TOM MANN, or a pooty good few Who are certny not 'osses, but hasses. With 'osses I've lived all my life, And I'm hanged if I don't understand 'em far better than chum, kid, or wife. Wy, flea-bitten Sal 'as got ways as is better nor patter to me. We intertwig fust rate, we do; and the feel of the ribbons, d'yer see, And the swing o' the whip—well, they're human, fair human, Sir, that's wot they are.

But a tin o' petroleum ile, and a wheel, on a wobbly old car, No reins, and no chink, and no hoof-clack, but only a ghostlyish look, As though the old 'oss was still there, but had somehow got turned to a spook, Seeing as how there's its place, and it's wanted!—Oh lor! it's uncanny, it is! Come to stay? Well, it may be they are, Sir, but—I shall not take to the biz! I'm a leetle too old and too set to take on with this motor fal-lal. And perhaps they may find, arter all, that the 'oss has its use. Kim urp, Sal!

COVENTRY PATMORE.

BORN JULY 23, 1823. DIED NOV. 26, 1896.

PORT of Home, and of High Faith,
In thy serene, yet fervent, page,
For youth is pleasure without scathe,
And fireside cheer for mellowing age
The sensuous taint, the tawdry trope,
Uranian Venus may not move;
Thine are the higher joys of Hope,
The unvenal Victories of Love.
The Unknown Eros was thy theme,
The raptures of the spirit spouse
To him were no elusive dream
Who wrote *The Angel in the House!*

At Monte Carlo.

First Briton. One never sees any young girls here.

Second Briton (brutally inclined). No! the ladies are obliged to be *trente et quarante* to match the tables.



ON THE PROWL.



NEW SPORTING DICTIONARY OF FAMILIAR LATIN PHRASES.

ARS EST CELARE ARTEM. "APRÈS VOUS, MADemoiselle!"

BEWARE!

(A Warning to the Unwise or Unwary Wooer of the Modern Witch, Speculation.)

After Longfellow.

[It is said that the system of "Trusts," which has wrought so much wrong and corruption in America, is likely to be energetically pushed in this country.]

I KNOW a System fair to see,
Take care!

It can both false and specious be,
Beware! beware!
"Trusts" bring "rot,"
They mean fooling thee!

When there's a "rise," thou'lt be done
brown,

Take care!
And thou'lt pay up when things go down,
Beware! beware!
"Trusts" trust not!
They may ruin thee!

She—Speculation—is a "do,"
Take care!

Syndicates say what is not true,
Beware! beware!
Or "bull" or "bear,"
They will diddle thee!

She makes—in coal or cars—a Co.,
Take care!

She knows how shams may make a show,
Beware! beware!
Trust her not,
She is gulling thee!

She offers thee a fortune fair;
Take care!

She makes fool's-caps—for thee to wear!
Beware! beware!
The Yankee "rot"
She will bring on thee!

SUITABLE TOAST FOR MOTOR-CAR COMPANIES.—"So mote it be!"

CAUSING AN EYE-LIFT.

(A Fragment à l'Ibsen.)

He (with bitterness). It was your fault that we lost the child.

She (staring at him after taking a glass of champagne). How was it my fault?

He. You would not attend to him on the boat.

She (pleadingly). But he seemed so comfortable on the paddle-box.

He (after a pause). But you would eat and drink. You remember you took six stale sponge cakes, and four ham sandwiches, and some Bath buns.

She (with a curious smile). And a large plate of pork pie. You will not forget the pork pie!

He (with a shudder). Yes, you certainly took a great deal of pork pie. And then you drank—

She (eagerly). Yes, what did I drink?

He (slowly). You drank two bottles of stout and some sherbet, and a glass of ginger-beer and a tumbler of sherry.

She (with exultation). And plenty of champagne! Don't forget the champagne! I had plenty of champagne.

He (thoughtfully). Yes; you said it was a remedy for sea-sickness, and certainly it was very rough. And then, when you had eaten all this and drunk all that, you lost the child!

She. Yes; he fell overboard!

He. And you, too, went to the side of the vessel. You put your head facing the water.

She (with a shudder). But not to look for the child! (After a pause.) But speak no more about it. It's enough to make one sick!

[Last observation carried nem. con.
Curtain.]

THE CARETAKER OF ALL MEN'S HOUSES.—Time.

OYSTERS.

(A Fragment.)

THE Doctor and the Analyst
Walked on a mile or so,
And then they rested by a bar
Conveniently low;
And all the little oysters stood
And waited, in a row.

"The time has come," the Doctor said,
"To ask how there can be
At Grimaby, or at Cleethorpes,
Or Southend on the Sea,
Bold, bad bacilli branded by
Bacteriology."

"Our characters," the oysters cried,
"Depend upon our chat;
We'd like to prove how good we are,
So luscious and so fat."

"No hurry!" said the Analyst.
They thanked him much for that.

"A microscope," the Doctor said,
"Is what we chiefly need;
Carbolic antiseptic, too,
Is very good indeed;
Now if you're ready, oysters dear,
We'll look before we feed."

"But not at us," the oysters cried,
Turning a little green,
A tint investigators not
Infrequently have seen.

"A microscope," the Doctor said,
"Is such a nice machine."

"It was so kind of you to come
This matter to decide."

The Analyst said nothing but
"I've put some on the slide,
Just ascertain from what disease
We might so soon have died."

"Why, bless my soul," the Doctor said,
"It would have done the trick!
Just look at all those germs, they're
quite

Enough to make one sick."
The Analyst said nothing but
"They are uncommon thick."

"I weep for you," the Doctor said,
"But I would rather not
Partake of you in any form,
Not even boiling hot;

No doubt you are not all as bad,
But you're a doubtful lot."

"Oh, Doctors," said the oysters then,
"If thus you cut and run,
Shall we be trotting home again?"

But answer came there none—
The learned men had fled, they dared
Not eat a single one.

THE RESULT OF THE BOARD SCHOOL SYSTEM.

Teacher. Why do we rejoice on Christmas Day?

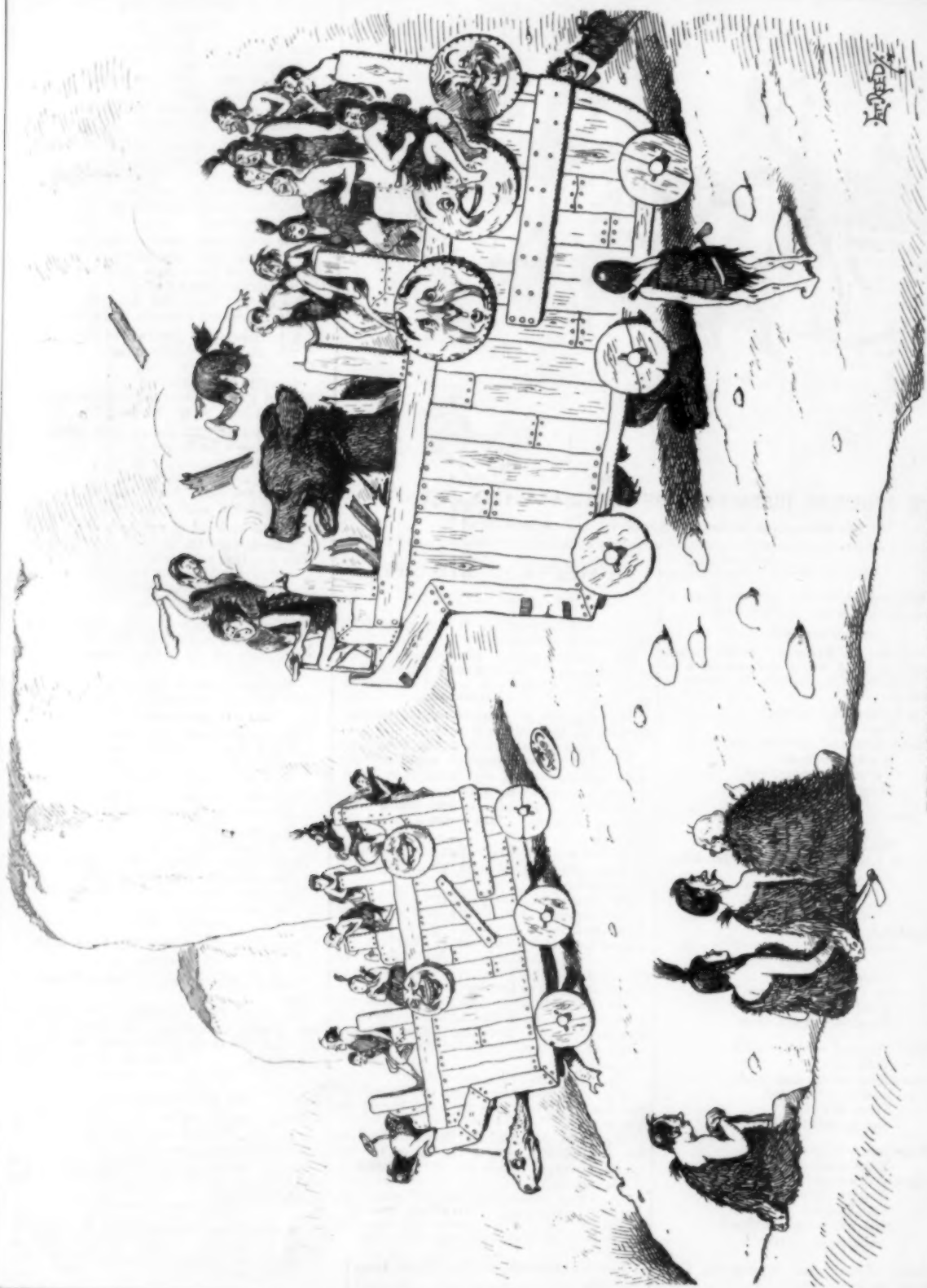
Advanced Pupil (shrilly). 'Cos WILLIAM THE FIRST, surnamed the Conk'ror, was crowned Mo-narch of England on this anniversary. [Goes up to top of class.]

At the Palette Club.

First Artist (after the election of the P. R. A.). Well, I am surprised! A little bird whispered to me that—

Second Artist (interrupting). Can't you see that an old POYNTER proves where the little bird lies?

NOTE BY OUR IRREPRESSIBLE JOKER (once more at large).—Could not a broker on 'Change be correctly described as a "Variety Agent"?



PREHISTORIC AUTO-MOTORS!

THE GREAT DIFFICULTY WAS THE UNRELIABILITY OF THE MOTIVE POWER, AND ITS UNCERTAINTY PREVENTED ANY VERY GENERAL ADOPTION OF THE SYSTEM!



Doctor (to Patient, who complains of a touch of gout). "WELL, MY DEAR SIR, I AM NOT ASTONISHED. YOUR BUTLER TELLS ME YOU DRANK THE BEST PART OF A BOTTLE OF PORT LAST NIGHT!"

Jovial Patient. "QUITE THE BEST PART, DOCTOR. YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY YOU EXPECTED ME TO SWALLOW THE CRUST AND THE CORK AS WELL?"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Godfather bids good-speed to his Goddaughter coming out at a County Ball.

TO-NIGHT you leave behind old joy,
The school-room task, the nursery toy,
The romp with merry girl and boy,
To plunge into Society—
A county ball the trying place.
Through many measures you will race
And for a while—a little space—
Will deem you've found satiety!

The local swains will claim your hand,
To foot it to an awful band,
And yet you'll think the meeting grand,
One full of animation!
Your lady-mother's watchful eye
Will see no "detrimental" shy
Shall ask a dance. The reason why,
Your future destination!

Your lady-mother, too, will view
With radiant smile some snobkin new
Who takes an interest in you,
A fresh and fair distraction!
The Lord Lieutenant's son may claim
A valse or polka—while your flame
May p'raps attract young What's-his-
Name,
A Moth that loves attraction!

But still, if I know you aright,
Dear little girl! so true! so bright!
You'll somehow please yourself to-night,
And make your own diversion!
You'll find a Someone who will catch
Your style, your very tripping match,
And so, despite Mamma, you'll snatch
Yourself from her coercion!

Dance on! while yet the blood is young,
Before life's cares their shade have flung.
'Tis good the song of old is sung
For you and all creation!
This is the dawning of your day.
This is the promise of your May.
Know it, while hearts are leal alway
To their own beats' pulsation!

Time for the weariness of years!
Time for the shedding of the tears!
Time for the sorrows and the fears!
But leave them to the gloaming!
Now, when the ship is sent to sea,
When sun is kind and wind is free,
Give sail with happy shout of glee,
Give sail until the homing!

CANINE SAGACITY.

EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY IN A DOG.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you have opened your columns to letters on the subject of "canine sagacity," I thought that your readers might be interested in the following true story of canine memory.

I possess a retriever named *Eucalyptus*, of remarkable intelligence, although now getting on in years. The animal is very affectionate so far as my family is concerned, and his only failing is a disposition to snap at every stranger who appears in sight. I must confess that his attitude towards the postman and milkman leaves much to be desired, but probably these people have given him good cause for irritation, by their propensity for teasing.

A sailor cousin of mine was home from the sea about seven years ago. He paid me a visit, and (I think) took a dislike to

Eucalyptus. At any rate, on leaving, he deliberately tantalised the dog (who was at a window) by offering him a large bone, and then throwing it over the wall, before his eyes. I told my cousin at the time that the dog would never forgive him, but he only laughed. Now for the sequel. A fortnight ago, I received a second visit from my cousin (his first had lasted two days, the only time that *Eucalyptus* had ever seen him), and within two minutes of his arrival I heard a snarl and a snap.

Eucalyptus had bitten him in the leg! For seven years that dog had cherished his feelings of resentment over the bone incident, and instantaneously recognising the author of the wrong, he had wreaked his vengeance accordingly!

Yours faithfully, "COLONIAL."

A SONG OF THE ROAD.

TINKLE, twinkle, motor-car,
Just to tell us where you are,
While about the streets you fly
Like a comet in the sky.

When the blazing sun is "off,"
When the fog breeds wheeze and cough,
Round the corners as you scour
With your dozen miles an hour—
Then the traveller in the dark,
Growling some profane remark,
Would not know which way to go
While you're rushing to and fro.

On our fears, then, as you gloat
(Ours who neither "bike" nor "mote"),
Just to tell us where you are—
Tinkle, twinkle, motor-car.



THE COURSE OF JUSTICE.

May (threatened with punishment). "Now, Daddy, it's no use. You mayn't make me cry, 'cause I've got on a clean pinafore!"

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

(Letters from Mr. R. to his Nephew at Cambridge, and to Others.)

NO. III.—OF FOGYDOM—OF YOUNG MEN AND OLD—OF THE MAKING OF FRIENDS.

MY DEAR JACK,—We were speaking of friends and friendship when I broke off my last letter. Before I say any more about this subject I wish to enter a protest. In your letter to me you speak of one of your respected dons as "a regular old fogey." Now, JACK, is this fair or kind. The gentleman whom you so contemptuously describe was a freshman when I took my degree! If he is ancient, what am I? If he is to have a mansion in the dull realms of foggery, I, your uncle, must have a habitation there. I tell you honestly I don't like to be relegated, even by implication, to dust and obscurity. No doubt you will answer that the Reverend Mr. BIFRONS is as bald as a coot, while your uncle still uses a hard brush for the arrangement of his hyacinthine locks, but I cannot allow you to escape so easily. I know DICKY BIFRONS well, but when I think of him he appears to me as a lad with a head of tousled hair, a particularly pink complexion, and not the slightest indication of a beard. I trust he holds as pleasant a memory of me. Youth and age are mere terms; they represent no absolute and invariable realities. The oldest man I ever knew was TOM SKINNER, a freshman of my year. At eighteen he was a dried-up man of the world, a withered compendium of depravity, for whom life had no savour left. He posed as a terrible killer of ladies, and hinted darkly that the domestic happiness of a certain married Professor depended upon his reticence. None of us took him seriously; his antics and affectations were food for endless chaff. Once when, in pulling out his handkerchief, he dropped a photograph on the floor, and made a great show of picking it up hurriedly and hiding it away lest prying eyes should discover the secret of his latest intrigue, we sprang upon him, wrenched his treasure from him, and discovered a likeness of SKINNER himself, taken in cap and gown, for the delectation of his family circle. Somewhere in the provinces, I believe, he still lives on, a battered exemplar of immorality, a fountain of stale and tainted stories

for the young bloods of his district. If you asked me, on the other hand, to name my youngest friend, I should point to dear old LUCAS. Three years divide him from eighty; and in what other man can you find so keen a zest in life, so hearty and fresh an appreciation of all that is good and honourable and humorous and friendly, so ardent a delight in

Youth and bloom and this delightful world.

His life has been passed in a constant and eager activity, yet he is not wearied, and his laugh rings as full and true as that of the youngest man amongst you.

And now as to your friends and the making of them. You need not, of course, be over-gentle or gushing as I have known some men to be. But, on the other hand, I would not have you to choose this man or to reject another as a friend in a cold spirit of calculation, because, after observing him carefully, you judge him to be suitable or otherwise for the high privilege of your friendship. I call this the commercial principle applied to friendship, and for myself I never could endure it. Some men, only a few, I am thankful to believe, adopt it and act on it, but most of us would abhor the notion of treating our hearts as though they were ledgers, entering a man's qualities on a sort of debtor and creditor account, and striking a balance for him, as thus:—

Mr. HENRY BROWN in account with J. ROUNABOUT.

Dr.

A loud laugh.
Untidy clothes.
Great devotion to books.
A provincial accent.

Cr.

Perfect amiability.
Willingness to oblige.
Unselfishness.
A full blue for hammer-throwing.

Leaving a small balance of friendship for poor BROWN to draw upon. You can't choose your friends as you do your tailor, your gyp, the pattern of your clothes, or the style of your neckties. If a man has the true qualities, and you are fortunate enough to meet him, you cannot but choose to make him your friend, and that without conscious effort on your part or his. I am assuming that you, too, have the true qualities, but the assumption is not a dangerous one, for, if I know you at all, I know you are what a lad should be—manly, candid, honourable, unselfish, not personally vain, and a hater of meanness. You meet another youngster in a tub on the river, you exchange a few words, he makes you laugh, you walk up together, something in his manner and his looks attracts you, the sympathetic glow begins and you exchange confidences. He comes from Winterhouse, you were a Charchester boy, you were both in your respective football and cricket teams, you both think tubbing dull—will he come to your rooms after hall and smoke a pipe? Probably at the end of the day each of you will have acquired a life-long friend. But neither of you thought about the process. A man may be on the surface all that hoary moralists approve—steady, sober, thrifty, and all that, but at heart he may be a prig, a humbug, and a mean rascal. Your instinct will keep you from him, however much elderly ignoramuses may urge you to choose so steady a model for your friend. When a man is urgently recommended to my affection, I care not by whom, on the ground of his goodness, his sobriety, and so forth, I feel towards him something of the feeling that comes over me when in a book of essays I read as the head-note to one of them, "Lecture delivered at the three hundredth meeting of the—Mutual Improvement Association." The essay may be excellent, but, such is human nature, I regard it with suspicion, and it's ten to one I don't read it. So with the recommended man. I shun him. Trust to your instinct in these matters, and being what you are you won't go far wrong.

I go to Bracewells on Thursday to shoot at some of the pheasants. There will be a few birds left for you to have a pop at about Christmas time.

Ever your affectionate uncle, ROBERT ROUNABOUT.

In a County Court.

Judge (to Mr. PETIPROG, plaintiff's solicitor). I really cannot see that you have proved the defendant's means.

Mr. P. (excitedly, to defendant). No means! How did you get here, Sir?

Defendant. I walked.

Mr. P. Where did you get the boots to walk in?

Defendant. I borrowed them.

Mr. P. (triumphantly). On what security, Sir, on what security?

Defendant. On the fact that you had taken up the case against me. [General merriment. No order.]

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In Leather Case, 1/6 Do., with 3 blades, 1/6
" " 8 " 2/6
" " 4 " 3/6
" " 2 " 4/6
" " 7 " 6/6
Complete Outfit Contains Razor and 7 Blades. Strop. Stropping Machine. Shaving Brush. Soap, Cosmetic, & Comb. Strop only 2/6.

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